

New Tales of the Plains

By Buffalo Bill
(Wm. F. Cody)

No. 13.

The Rescue of Gen. Forsyth.



W. F. CODY.

THIS is the story of a fellow scout of mine, a back Stillwell.

perhaps the most famous, clever frontiersman of his day. He had another peculiarity. Most of the plainsmen are a

little bit of a wit. But Jack was a much funnier fellow. He was the brightest man I ever met. His witticisms and epigrams are still remembered.

Of these, the one most quoted in the West is his answer to the man who told him he had seen a cyclone while riding alone one day on the prairie.

"You're mistaken," said Jack. "It takes two men to see a cyclone—one to holler 'Here she comes!' and the other to yell, 'There she goes!'"

Gen. G. A. Forsyth, with a command of about fifty men, was camped on an island in the Arkansas River, in Northern Kansas, in September of 1855. News had been brought of an Indian uprising and Forsyth and his men were out to investigate.

Early on the morning of Sept. 11 the little party saw a horde of Indians pouring into the valley across the shallow stream near them. The Indians were led by Chief Roman Nose. There were about one thousand braves in his following and numbers of squaws and children.

It was a queer scene. There on the island Forsyth threw up a circle of rude sentinels. The braves swarmed over the valley and Roman Nose yelled war talk at them. The bluff above the valley were filled with squaws and children watching the fun.

Then the attack began. Nearly all the thousand braves, led by Roman Nose (he wore only a crimson sash and a big war bonnet), galloped down upon the fifty white men, whooping and waving their rifles. It was a fight at twenty to one. Sharpshooters hiding along the banks of the stream at the same time opened fire on the defenders of the island.

Forsyth made no reply till the enemy was on the very bank. Then he gave orders to fire. The first volley emptied dozens of Indian saddles, but made no check in the ranks. It was a fight at twenty to one. Sharpshooters hiding along the banks of the stream at the same time opened fire on the defenders of the island.

Forsyth's men leaped from behind their breastworks and sent a final volley into the retreating mass. The Indian sharpshooters hiding on the river banks sent a return volley that made the defenders seek shelter again.

But the fight was not yet over. The Indians had only drawn out of range. Next day they attacked twice. Both times they were driven back, but Forsyth's party were by this time in desperate straits.

All their horses and mules were killed, thus cutting off every chance of escape. Six men were dead and eighteen more were badly wounded. Among these latter was Forsyth himself. One of the killed was Lieut. Fred Beecher, a nephew of the famous Henry Warli-

Beecher. Another was Army Surgeon Moore. Others had lesser wounds. Only seven of the original fifty were still unhurt. Provisions, too, had run woefully short.

All knew enough of Indian tactics to understand that the enemy intended to stay there and starve them out, the red sharpshooters on the bank picking off men after men as they got the chance. There was no hope of escape.

A well was dug for water. The dead horses were eaten. But in a few days, under that hot sun, the horse meat became unpalatable. At the end of the fourth day starvation was at hand.

Then it was that Jack Stillwell, a beardless lad, volunteered to make his way through the water-filled enemy to Fort Wallace for relief. Old Trudeau, a veteran frontiersman, offered to go with him. It was a poor chance, but the only one. At midnight they started.

Instead of taking a roundabout route, which was sure to be close guarded, Jack went straight through the center of the Indian camp. He and Trudeau wriggled along on hands and knees, often saving to be down and wait in the long grass. By daylight they had travelled three miles. Barely half a mile to go.

Indians were everywhere around them. They hid at dawn in a washout, sheltered by grass and sunflowers. All day they could hear the distant firing and knew their comrades might at any moment be overpowered. Three nights they travelled, hiding by day, more than once almost running into stray parties of hostile Indians.

At dawn they crawled under a decaying buffalo carcass to hide from several mounted Indians who halted close by. A rattlesnake beneath the carcass coiled for a spring and sprang his rattle. The two men dared not move. The snake was about to strike. At a signal from Jack old Trudeau wriggled his fingers to attract the snake. Jack with one quick gesture, grabbed the rattler by the neck and broke its jaw. He had missed or caught the snake and now further down on its neck he would certainly have been bitten.

The next morning they came upon Col. Carpenter's command at Lake Slater, about fifty miles from where Forsyth was besieged. Carpenter arrived at the island and scattered the Indians barely in time. Twenty-four of Forsyth's fifty men were killed. The rest were at last saved.

Trudeau died soon after from the effects of his terrible journey. Stillwell's fame as a scout and a hero was established. No man ever wore his honors more modestly.

Back numbers of this series may be obtained by sending application and one-cent stamp to each number to "Circulation Department, Evening World."

A MATTER OF RIGHTS. SOME people question Roosevelt's right.

His missives to misapprehend. It doesn't seem that there is quite the truth in what they tell.

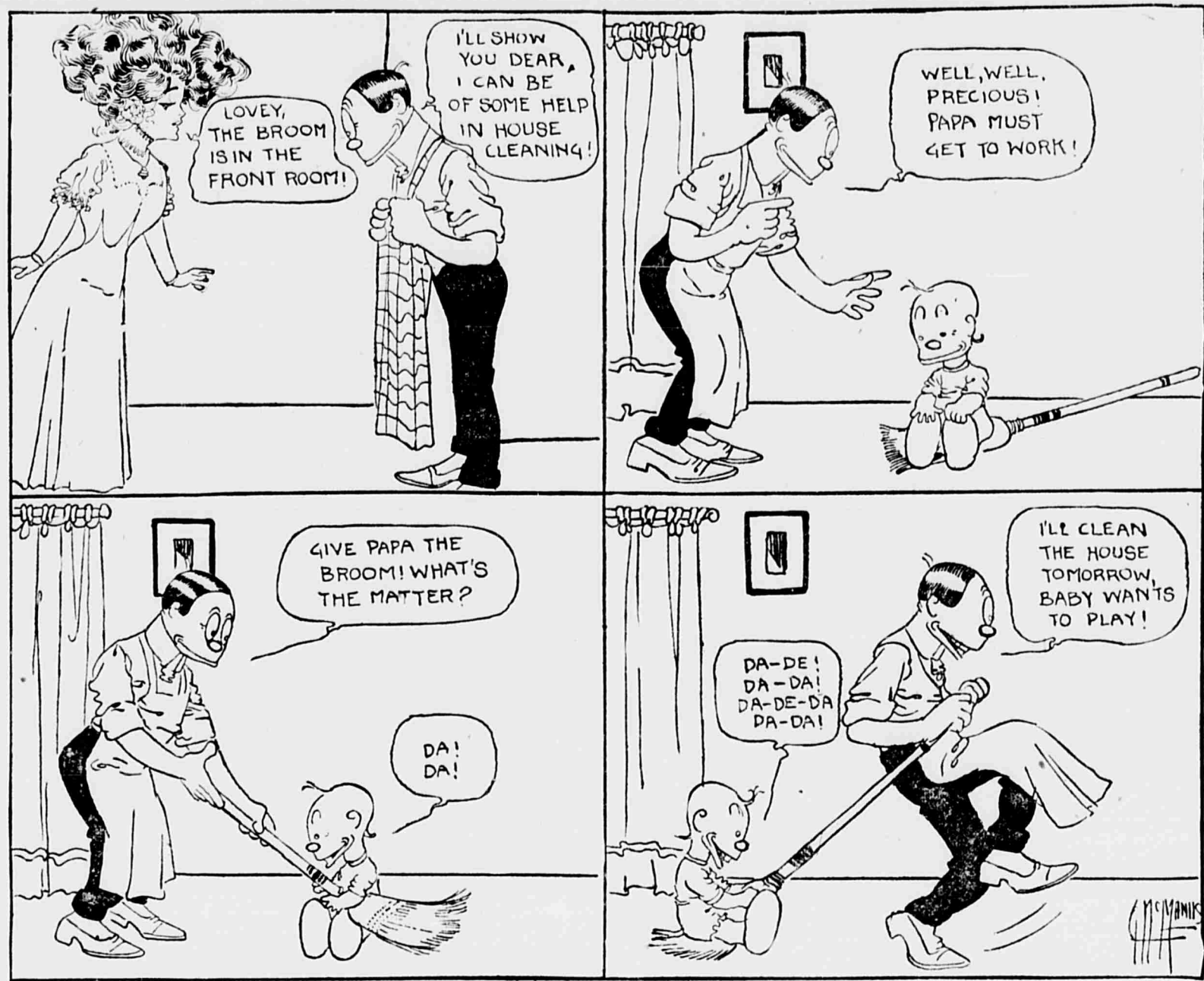
He has a right to write it "thru." To say a train was "mist." To knock the G from G-N-U.

To think a bride was "kist." But others have their rights as well. And though it sounds like slang—One is to plainly, frankly tell B. Matthews to go hang.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Newlyweds and Their Baby

By George McManus



50 Ways for Girls to Earn a Living.

This series gives complete information as to positions open to girls, the requirements, duties, pay, etc. Also how to get the positions.

By Rheta Childe Dorr.

No. 6—The Civil Service.



R. C. DORR.

THE CIVIL SERVICE, both Federal and municipal, employs a number of women and girls in New York City, the majority being clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers and typewriters. Other positions are open to men and women on equal terms, but for reasons which appear rather trivial to the outsider, men usually secure the appointments. For example, only one woman out of many on the eligible list has been sent as official stenographer to Panama.

However, a few women were appointed last year to very good positions in the Federal Civil Service. Some of these positions were clerical draughtsmen, topographical draughtsmen, teachers in the Indian service, trained nurses in the Indian and Ishman Canal service and scientific assistants in the Department of Agriculture. The women customs inspectors in New York Harbor are also under the Federal Civil Service.

Besides the large number of stenographers, typewriters and clerical assistants employed in the various city departments, the Municipal Civil Service has use for women in some very important positions. The Tenement House Department would not know how to get along without its corps of highly efficient women inspectors, although their first invasion of the department was resented by the officials as an un-

derstanded innovation. At the present time a woman, Miss Kate Claghorn, is serving as registrar in the Tenement House Department, at a salary of \$300 a year. The City Board of Water Supply had one young woman engineer, Miss Blatch, until the other day, when she took leave of absence to be married.

Both branches of the civil service pay fairly good salaries. An expert stenographer might secure a better position in the commercial field, but the average good stenographer is far better off in the civil service. Salaries range from \$600 to \$1,200 a year, and in some cases higher still. The highest paid stenographer in the New York service is secretary to President Finley, of the City College, and receives \$2,500 a year.

Hours are short, seven and a half a day, with all holidays. Positions are permanent, and promotion, if slow, is sure. Thirty days' vacation with pay and thirty days' sick leave with pay are added attractions.

A Federal civil service examination will be held in New York on April 27. Apply directly to the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., for necessary blanks.

The next municipal examinations will be offered in October. Information and necessary blanks may be had at the main office, No. 229 Broadway. All applicants must be American citizens and at least eighteen years old.

A Different Meaning. "WHAT is your name, my poor man?" asked the benevolent housewife as she brought out a saucer of stewed prunes.

"Sandy Pikes, F. F. V.," replied the tattered wayfarer, doffing his brimless hat.

"Gracious! and does the 'F. F. V.' stand for 'first family of Virginia?'"

"No, mum; it stands for 'fast freight veteran!'"

Betty Vincent's Advice On Courtship and Marriage

She Won't Speak to Him. A Bashful Youth.

Dear Betty: I HAVE been going with a girl for eight months, and during that time she seemed to care for me, but lately she ceases to speak to me and pays attention to another fellow. How shall I treat her hereafter? ANXIOUS.

If you don't wish to continue the friendship treat her in the same manner as she treats you. You must have done something to anger the girl or she would not treat you so rudely. If you wish to be friends again, apologize for your offense and ask her to make up.

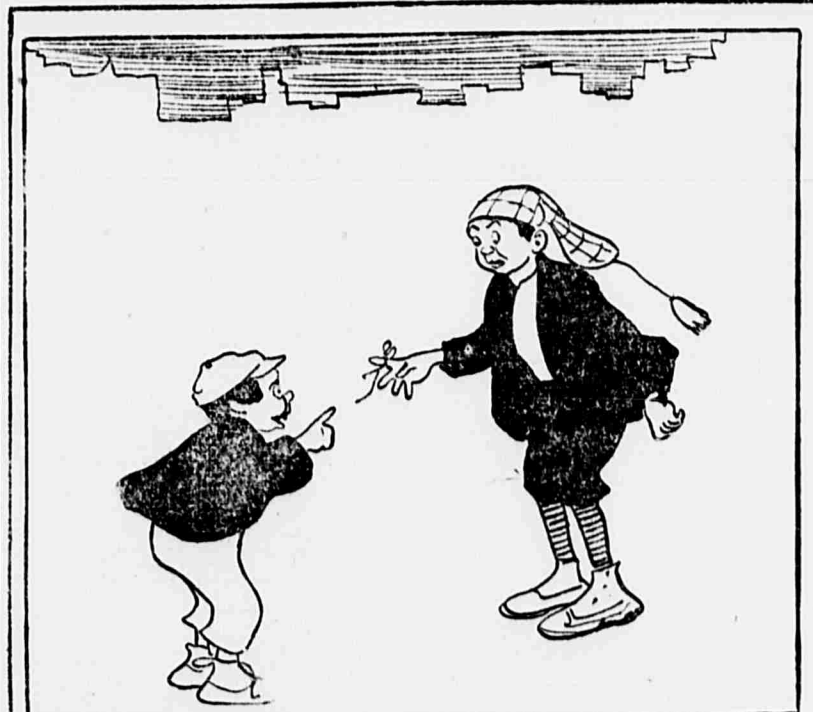
She Likes the Men. Dear Betty: I AM twenty-five years of age and am very fond of young men's society. Although I have met a number of them and have been very nice to them, I cannot succeed in getting one. How would you advise me to act? Should I permit a young man who says he likes me to kiss me? S. Q. R.

Do not appear too eager to please the men. Let them do the courting. It is perfectly proper to be friendly, but do not allow a man to kiss you unless you are engaged to him.

She Loves Two Men. Dear Betty: I AM nineteen and have several gentleman friends, but love only two. Each one earns a good salary; which one shall I take? M. A.

You cannot love very deeply. For true love cannot be divided. You are too young to have a lasting affection for anyone. Be friends with both boys, but do not regard either seriously.

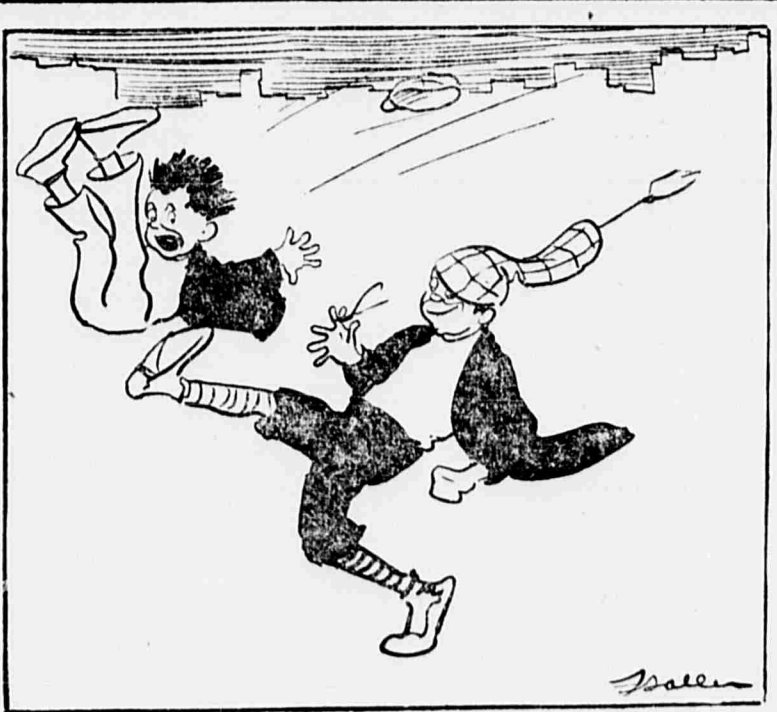
Lest He Forget.



"Wot you got dat string tied around yer finger fer, silly?"

"Oh, yes; dat's ter remind me!"

By T. S. Allen.



"ter kick yer fer telling on me in school!"

The Greatest of Short Story Writers.

O. Henry's Stories of New York Life

STORY NO. 8.

The Ferry of Unfulfilment.

(From "The Trimmed Lamp," by O. Henry.)
(Copyright, 1907, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

AT the street corner, as solid as granite in the "rush-hour" tide of humanity, stood the Man from Nome. The Arctic winds and sun had stained him berry-brown. His eye still held the azure glint of the glaciers.

He was as alert as a fox, as tough as a caribou outfit and as broad-gauged as the aurora borealis. He stood sprayed by a Niagara of sound—the crash of the elevated trains, clanging cars, pounding of rubber-tires and the anthroponomy of the cab and truck drivers indulging in scaringly repartee. And so, with his gold dust caught in the merry air of a hundred thousand, and with the cakes and ale of one week in Gotham turning bitter on his tongue, the Man from Nome slipped to set foot again in Chilkoot, the exit from the land of street noises and Dead Sea apple pies.

Up Fifth avenue, with the tripping, scurrying, chattering bright-eyed, homing tide came the Girl from Siberia. The Man from Nome looked and saw, first, that she was supremely beautiful after his own conception of beauty; and next, that she moved with exactly the steady grace of a dog sled on a level crust of snow. His third sensation was an instantaneous conviction that he desired her greatly for his own. This quickly do men from Nome make up their minds. Besides, he was going back to the North in a short time, and to act quickly was no less necessary.

A thousand girls from the great department store of Sieber-Mason flowed along the sidewalk, making navigation dangerous to men whose feminine field of vision for three years has been chiefly limited to Swahili and Chilkot squaws. But the Man from Nome, loyal to her who had resurrected his long cached heart, plunged into the stream of pulchritude and followed her.

The Shop Girl. Down Twenty-third street she glided swiftly, looking to neither side; no more flirtatious than the bronze Diana above the Garden. Her fine brown hair was neatly braided; her neat waist and unwrinkled black skirt were eloquent of the double virtues—taste and economy. Ten yards behind followed the snitten Man from Nome.

Miss Claribel Colby, the Girl from Sieber-Mason's, belonged to that and company of partners known as Jersey commuters. She walked into the waiting-room of the ferry, and up the stairs, and by a marvelous swift, little run, caught the ferry-boat that was just going out. The Man from Nome gained his ten yards in the jump and gained the deck close beside her.

Miss Colby chose a rather lonely seat on the outside of the upper cabin. The night was not cold, and she desired to be away from the curious eyes and tedious voices of the passengers. Besides, she was extremely weary and drooping from lack of sleep. On the previous night she had grazed the West Side Wholesale Fish Dealers' Assistant's Social Club No. 2, thus reducing her usual time of sleep to only three hours.

And the day had been uncommonly troublous. Customers had been inordinately trying; the buyer in her department had scolded her roundly for letting her stock run down; her best friend, Mamie Tuthill, had snubbed her by going to lunch with the Ivory Girl.

The Girl from Sieber-Mason's was in that relaxed, softened mood that often comes to the independent feminine wage-earner. It is a mood most propitious for the man who would woo her. Then she has yearnings to be set in some home and heart; to be comforted, and to hide behind some strong arm and rest, rest. But Miss Claribel Colby was also very sleepy.

The Man From Nome. There came to her side a strong man, browned and dressed carefully in the best of clothes, with his hat in his hand.

"Lady," said the Man from Nome, respectfully, "excuse me for speaking to you, but I—I saw you on the street, and—"

"Oh, gee!" remarked the Girl from Sieber-Mason's, glancing up with the most capable coolness. "Ain't there any way to ever get rid of you mashers? I've tried everything from eating onions to using harpins. Is on your way, Freddie?"

"I'm not none of that kind, lady," said the Man from Nome—honest, I'm not. As I say, I saw you on the street, and I wanted to know you so bad I couldn't help followin' after you. I was afraid I wouldn't ever see you again in this big town unless I spoke; and that's why I done so."

Miss Colby looked once shrewdly at him in the dim light on the ferry-boat. No; he did not have the perfidious smirk or the brazen swagger of the lady-killer. Sincerity and modesty shone through his boreal tan. It seemed to her that it might be good to hear a little of what he had to say.

"You may sit down," she said, laying her hand over a yawn with ostentatious politeness; "and—mind—don't get fresh or I'll call the steward."

The Man from Nome sat by her side. He admired her greatly. He more than admired her. She had exactly the looks he had tried so long in vain to find in a woman. Could she ever come to like him? Well, that was to be seen. He must do all in his power to stake his claim, anyhow.

"My name's Blayden," said he—"Henry Blayden."

"Are you real sure it ain't Jones?" asked the girl, leaning toward him, with delicious, knowing gallantry.

"I'm down from Nome," he went on with anxious seriousness. "I scraped together a mighty good lot of dust up there and brought it down with me."

"Oh, say," she rippled, pursuing persiflage with engaging lightness, "then you must be on the White Wings force. I thought I'd seen you somewhere."

"I Never Look at Fellows I!"

"You didn't see me on the street today when I saw you?"

"I never look at fellows on the street."

"Well, I looked at you; and I never looked at anything before that I thought was half as pretty."

"Shall I keep the change?"

"Yes, I reckon so. I reckon you could keep anything I've got. I reckon I'm wint' you, call a rough man, but I could be awful good to anybody I liked. I've had a rough time of it up yonder, but I beat the game. Nearly 5,000 ounces of dust was what I cleaned up while I was there."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Miss Colby, obligingly sympathetic. "It must be an awful dirty place, wherever it is."

And then her eyes closed and she slept. The Man from Nome had only in his very earnestness. Besides, what dull talk was this of brooms and sweeping dust? She leaned her head back against the wall.

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May Manton's Daily Fashions.

EVERY variation of the blouse that is out in one with sleeves is to be noted just now, and here is one of the prettiest and most graceful that yet has appeared. It can be made either with